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SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

osceola

Ravenel

The Governor's race heats up

Morris

Dorn

SEE PAGE SIX

osceola

"The mission of a modern newspaper is to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

from a column by Peter Finley Dunn

Volume 2, Number 42

Editorial Board
Jon Buchan
Dick Harpootlian
John Norton
Jim Walser

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STAFF
Managing Editor Jim Walser
Senior Editors Jon Buchan
Dick Harpootlian
John Norton
Design & Layout Julie Byrum
Jim Walser
Contributors Dale Bailes, Julie Byrum, Bob Conly, Jane Dreher, Tim Driggers, Hank Gilman, Dan Harmon, Tom Johnson, Ralph Karpinos, Warren, Kosinski, Dan Lackey, Elaine Lavendar, Gary Ligi, Jerry McAninch, John Marion Sarah Oliphant, Tom Priddy, Bob Thompson
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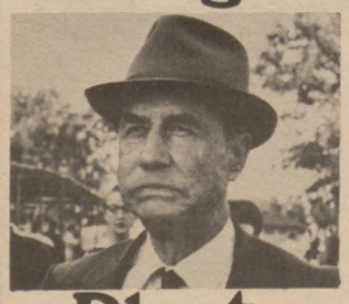

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TRB ® *from Washington*

The Doomsday Roar

There's a place in the Niagara River where it seems to sense what's ahead and it gathers speed and hurries to its tremendous climax. We think that point is coming now in the Watergate story. President Nixon took another great gamble last week. The Rodino and Jaworski subpoenas were pressing him. There was a desperate deadline. And he opted not to go to the committee but to go to the people - to go on the air - and to publish a 1308-page blue volume of transcripts of edited conversations centering round that crucial conference March 21, 1973 with John W. Dean 3rd. He is the former White House counsel, with a choir boy's face, who spilled the beans to the Ervin committee. We listened to that presidential speech last week; we gulped down what we could of the printed conversations and we heard a murmur. It sounded like the doomsday roar of a great cataract ahead.

For the transcripts don't prove what the President say they do. In fact, they are one of the most extraordinary documents - maybe the most extraorindary - in the history of the American presidency. They showed that in his speech to the nation the night before he quoted himself out of context to distort meanings to his own advantage. They showed that he countenanced clemency to keep crimes concealed. They showed that he gave orders to use the FBI and Justice Department against political enemies. There is a colloquy at one point between the President, Dean and former chief of staff H. R. Haldeman, that sounds like the talk of a bunch of malefactors figuring out how to raise bail and on whom to put the rap. It can be quoted from endlessly.

Dean is speaking: "There is a real problem in raising money," he says. Watergate burgular Howard Hunt is trying to blackmail the White House. Says Dean, "Mitchell has been working on raising some money. He is one of the ones with the most to lose. But there is no denying the fact that the White House, in Ehrlichman, Haldeman and Dean are involved in some of the early money decisions."

Mr. Nixon: "How much money do you need?"

"I would say these people are going to cost a million dollars over the next two years."

"We could get that," the President replies. "On the money, if you need the money, you could get that. You could get a million dollars. You could get it in cash. I know where it could be gotten. It is not easy, but it could be done. But the question is, who the hell would handle it? Any ideas on that?"

"That's right," says Dean. "Well, I think that is something that Mitchell ought to be charged with."

President: "I would think so too."

And on and on. You wait expectantly for that line the President quotes in his speech in justification and defense. The White House alibi is that he was just testing Dean out. It was all make-believe. That is what he told the nation. The Nixon line is there, all right: "No it is wrong, that's for sure!" The trouble is that what is "wrong" does not seem to be moral repugnance but the prospect that the scheme won't work. Mr. Nixon amplifies this a minute later: "That's why for your immediate things you have to choice but to come up with the $120,000 or whatever it is? Right?", he asks.

Dean agrees. The law-and-order President responds:

"Would you agree that that's the prime thing that you damn well better get that done . . . ?"

"Obviously, says Dean, "he ought to be given some signal anyway."

What happened? Why, the Grand Jury that last month indicted seven former high Nixon supporters noted that after the conversation Haldeman placed a call to John Mitchell who then called Nixon Reelection Committee official Frederick LaRue, who authorized $75,000 in hush-money for Hunt. The fact wasn't in the President's speech, of course, nor in the flattering summary of the transcripts edited by White House lawyer James St. Clair. But that's what happened, it is charged; later that night LaRue delivered the hush-money to Hunt's lawyer.

National security. We have heard the excuse of "national security" so often we laugh. You should read how the phrase was bandied around in the Oval Office. The problem is how to break the news of the White House connection to Watergate to the public. "What is the answer on this?" the President asks.

"You might put it on a national security basis," Dean suggests helpfully. Haldeman grabs the suggestion: "It absolutely was!" he exclaims. A minute later the President joins in:

"National security. We had to get information for national security grounds. . . . With the bombing thing coming out and everything coming out, the whole thing was national security."

Dean: "I think we could get by on that."

Publication of these private conversations in one great volume was not necessary. It seems like an act of desperation. The White House did not even notify Chairman Rodino when the speech was to be made. The committee has tried to prevent leaks and preserve privacies when it gets confidences. Mr. Nixon pushed it all out over TV. It shows a weakness in our form of government: the imperial President can preempt air time for a self-serving and basically demagogic speech (brilliantly delivered) and there is no opposition leader of comparable stature who can possibly answer him. Suppose a McCarthy is President: does he get free air time at will? Mr. Nixon, for his part, sought to make political capital out of an impeachment trial by warning the nation against such a "wrenching ordeal" which, he asserted, would have an adverse effect on America's influence "throughout the world and on the lives of all Americans for many years to come."

Mr. Nixon edited the huge text himself. There is an amusing amount of "(expletive deleted)" interpolations, most frequently in Mr. Nixon's own conversation, though he leaves the "hells" and "damns". There is also a good deal of "(unintelligible)" and "(inaudible)". Here, for example, press secretary Ziegler is discussing how to explain things to the public on April 16,1973: "President: 'Well, shall we say, the (inaudible). They could prejudice the rights . . . of innocent people.'

"Ziegler: 'Doing this puts it (inaudible) that paragraph.'

"President: (inaudible). Ziegler (inaudible)."

Short of some sudden capitulation it seems that an impasse has been reached. It seems unlikely that Congress can accept this treatment. It seems unlikely that Mr. Nixon didn't know it. Listening intently you imagine you hear the thunder of Niagara ahead. And for the nation it is an (expletive omitted) mess.

Cheap Shots

'Radicals' & such

It's a good thing Senator James Stevens isn't a newspaper reporter, or he would be catching a little hell from his editors this week. Apparently enraged over an article in *Osceola* (May 10) which linked him indirectly to a Georgetown County land development, Stevens attacked *Osceola* on the floor of the Senate Wednesday.

The incident apparently broke out in the Senate when Senator Dewey Wise rose to seek support for his ethics legislation. He pointed out that innocent legislators who come under attack from newspapers and aspiring politicians would be able to clear themselves of any alleged unethical actions if his proposed Ethics Commission was established.

Stevens rose and referred to freshman Sen. Wise and freshman Sen. William Doar — who has authored other ethics legislation — as "embryo senators," and said they were "trying to say the Senate has been wrong for 100 years" in managing without an ethics bill. Stevens then launched into an attack on *Osceola*, which he said is published by "a group of radicals from the University of South Carolina."

Stevens then turned to Wise and said, "Senator, you're joining right in with them."

Stevens should have checked his facts a little better. There are no individuals who attended the USC undergraduate school on the editorial board of *Osceola*. Of the four members of the editorial board, three have worked for major South Carolina daily newspapers and the other is a graduate of the University of South Carolina Law School.

We're well aware that one man's radical is another man's stimulator of responsible reform. *Osceola* strives to be, among other things, the latter, and we're glad to have Senator Wise aboard.

Temper, temper...

Sen. James Stevens was in such a pique Wednesday over legislation proposed by Senators Wise and Doar and the above-mentioned *Osceola*, he let his guard down a bit and revealed the way a lot of legislators seem to make their decisions on critical issues. According to reports in the *News and Courier*, Stevens "announced that their (referring to Wise and Doar) upstart conduct had convinced him to switch his vote for a second medical school."

That's some pretty faulty reasoning for supporting a second medical school, unless the Senator believes it will be doing original research into a temper tantrum preventative.

Paranoia, Part One

John Dean: Along that line, one of the things I've tried to do, I have begun to keep notes on a lot of people who are emerging as less than our friends because this will be over some day and we shouldn't forget the way some of them have treated us.

President Nixon: I want the most comprehensive notes on all those who tried to do us in. They didn't have to do it ... No, they were doing this quite deliberately and they are asking for it and they are going to get it. We have not used the power in this first four years as you know. We have never used it. We have not used the Bureau [FBI] and we have not used the Justice Department, but things are going to change now.

—excerpts from White House conversation, Sept. 15, 1972

Paranoia, Part Two

When Jerry Ford lumbered down the ramp of his jet at Columbia Metropolitan Airport, most of the small crowd greeting him consisted of photographers and security guards. Besides his own Secret Service men from the Treasury Department, he had the protection of several of Lexington County Sheriff Jimmy Metts' blue-suited deputies and a contingent of plainclothesmen from the South Carolina Law Enforcement Division (SLED).

Ford walked over to the area designated by SLED agent Mickey Dawson as the "press pen," and gave the photographers a chance to snap a few shots to please their editors. Ford asked Gov. John West about his golf game and chatted with Sen. Strom Thurmond. SLED chief Pete Strom came up and shook hands with the vice-president. Thurmond saw Chief Strom and told Ford that the SLED chief is "the best law enforcement officer in the country."

Minutes later, the dignitaries headed for their automobiles and the photographers ran for the press bus. The motorcade, complete with helicopter escort, whizzed in from the airport. Once at the Carolina Inn, Ford hustled off to a luncheon speaking engagement. All was calm inside.

Outside, however, it was a different story. A group of protesters, led by long-time Columbia activist Brett Bursey, paraded in front of the Carolina Inn for several hours waving Impeach Nixon signs and chanting anti-Nixon slogans. Most of the hair was long, the style and garb

almost nostalgically reminiscent of the late-sixties anti-war demonstrations. They were loud, but peaceful.

As the 25 or so individuals paraded in a circle, several photographers with security clearance buttons in their lapels methodically snapped photos of each marcher.

An *Osceola* staffer approached one of the photographers who wore a security button and asked him why he was taking the photos. "For my own personal use," he replied. When asked why he was wearing a security button, the photographer turned away and refused to answer.

A short while later the same photographer left the protesters to talk with Jim Cauthen of SLED. The *Osceola* reporter asked Cauthen why SLED was involved with taking photos of the protesters. He said, "You never know who you're dealing with. This man is the vice-president of the United States, and we have to provide security." He said the photos would not be used for files on the individuals, but were to be used only if there was "any trouble."

The *Osceola* reporter then approached SLED agent Mickey Dawson, who had earlier been talking with Cauthen. Asked why SLED was interested in taking photos of the demonstrators, Dawson replied, "I don't know."

Several reporters and photographers at the scene heard men with security buttons tell photographers to "be sure and get Bursey." One television reporter told *Osceola* that security men near him had pointed to a red-haired marcher and said, "That one came all the way down from Massachusetts just for this demonstration." (Sorta makes you wonder who wins the paranoid-of-the-week award).

When asked this week about the purpose of photographing the marchers Chief Strom said he "didn't know anything about it. But since there wasn't any trouble, we probably wouldn't have gone to the expense of having them developed."

In the days before the public knew there were really such things as "enemies lists," people who thought they were being watched by Big Brother were usually thought somewhat paranoid. Because we all now know how much information is often needlessly gathered and maliciously used, it seems outrageous that SLED would deem it necessary to photograph people exercising their constitutional rights to freedom of expression. To intimidate them at government expense seems just short of a criminal action.

God & the GOP...

During last Sunday's episode of the CBS news program *Sixty Minutes*, that eternally contentious interviewer Mike Wallace was quizzing Father John McLaughlin, a member of the White House staff. McLaughlin has been traveling around the country in recent weeks vociferously defending President Nixon and criticizing the coverage the President's problems have received in the news media.

At one point in the encounter, Wallace leaned back and asked facetiously if McLaughlin thought God's politics leaned a bit to the right. The priest apparently missed the question's ironic tone and replied, "He wrote me a note: 'I am above politics. (signed) God, GOP.'"

McLaughlin, however, seemed to be right on the money with his specific criticism of such venerable establishment news organs as *Time* and *Newsweek*. As if to prove McLaughlin's point, *Newsweek* led its most recent issue with an un-bylined "news" article on the Nixon transcripts which read, in part: "...the transcripts portrayed Mr. Nixon himself as a weak, profane, cynical, isolated, inept, and finally amoral leader of men."

That style of non-professional reporting begs the valid criticism of press coverage from the President's most rabid supporters and his usual critics alike.

Strom comes through again...

Senator Strom Thurmond's office is always announcing grants from federal agencies to local governments in South Carolina so when the *Barnwell People-Sentinel* published a short news story March 14 telling of his successful efforts to get two surplus school buses for the Williston-Elko Senior High School Band, the news probably drew little attention outside the local school district.

One area where school officials

(continued on page four)

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Cheap Shots

reacted with interest to Thurmond's announcement was in Columbia. Activity buses apparently have been hard to come by in Richland School District No. 1 and some administrators and board members thought Thurmond's office might help them as well as the Williston Schools.

What the District I school official discovered, however, when they began checking into the Williston gift, was that when Wiliston school officials sent people down to Ft. Jackson to pick up the buses, they discovered the buses "had no engines and/or wheels." The District I official was also told that the press release to the newspaper had come from Senator Thurmond's office, and not from the school.

In a memo dated May 6, the official wrote, "It appears that it is still impossible to get something for nothing."

No cakewalk...

John Jenrette, who made somewhat of a name for himself in 1972 when he unseated the "unbeatable" John L. McMillan for the Democratic Party nomination for the Sixth District Congressional seat, is running unopposed in the party primary this year. Jenrette, who was defeated by Republican Ed Young in the general election, has been warming up for this year's contest by checking out how other Democrats are running their campaigns against Republicans.

Jenrette flew to Michigan in April to observe Robert Traxler's campaign against the incumbent Republican Congressman Sparling. Traxler's campaign had won widespread praise for its grass roots organization, and Jenrette thought it would be a good idea to take a close-up look. "It was the same kind of campaign I faced last time," Jenrette said. "All the billboards read 'Richard Nixon needs Sparling in Congress.'"

Jenrette even got into the campaign for Traxler in the few days he was in Michigan. At one point, according to a campaign aide, when Jenrette was canvassing voters by telephone in a neighborhood with a large Polish

population, Jenrette's deep Southern accent proved so alien to the voters' ears that Jenrette couldn't be understood.

Jenrette said he has considered employing the public relations fiem of Martilla, Payne, Kiley, and Thorne — the firm which handled the recent Democratic victory in Gerald Ford's old district and Nick Galifianakis' unsuccessful N.C. Senate primary race — for his campaign, but hasn't really made up his mind.

Jenrette's aides say they are pleased from a financial standpoint to have no opposition in the primary, but have found it hard to get any media attention since the primary is uncontested.

Jenrette said this week that despite the success of the anti-Nixon, anti-Watergate theme in several of the special elections in recent weeks, he does not plan to make an issue of Watergate in the Sixth District. He said he feels that many of the people who voted for Nixon in 1972 are still loyal to him, though Pollster Lou Harris told him that Nixon's support in the South is beginning to weaken a little.

"The election ahead is going to be tough. It's certainly no cakewalk," Jenrette said.

Old time politics

Back in 1958, a popular young representative from Saluda County named Arthur Amick — but known as "Chick" because of his profitable poultry business — invited 300 or so legislative and other political friends to his farm near Batesburg for an outdoor barbeque. The specialty of the house was turkey hash and it was still turkey hash this week when the now-traditional event was held again.

Chick Amick's barbeque is the grandaddy of parties for legislators, and most other midlands politicians. It comes at the end of each legislative session and marks the unofficial beginning of earnest political campaigning. Chick Amick played host each year from 1958 until his sudden death in 1972. In 1973 and again this year, the Amick family thought it a good gesture to continue the barbeque.

This year's event was the usual success. The crowd numbered in the low thousands, swelled a bit perhaps, by the *State* newspaper's inadvertent reporting that the public was invited to attend for free. The events is officially open only to those with invitations — but anybody connected in any tangential way with South Carolina politics is welcomed heartily.

The crowd grew from 6:30 on, new arrivals funnelled through the small clubhouse for a tall taste of bourbon and maybe a hint of branch water. Then the people gathered into groups or wandered through the crowd looking for a hand to shake or a back to pat. The special entertainment was a target parachute jump to a bedsheet near the lake. There were two jumps, with three jumpers each time; they all missed the lake — though some onlookers were betting heavily on the lake — but only one hit the sheet.

It wasn't a normal adult crowd, where one might see a lone politician or two slowly moving through it shaking hands, talking, squeezing a shoulder here or there, or gently massaging an elbow. In this crowd, *everybody* was touching everybody and everybody had their arms resting politician-style on somebody's shoulders.

The politicians — from aspiring county auditors to gubernatorial candidates — walked around smiling and laughing at other people's small jokes. Sometimes they reminded one of young schoolboys, three or four abreast, arms thrown across each others' shoulders, walking proudly across the schoolyard. Then sometimes, after a long pull at a paper cup, they would close into a circle, arms still thrown out, and form a huddle. Then they would all lean their heads low into the circle, tell a political tale on somebody else, and rear their heads back in great wheezing laughter.

And then the lines began to form. Long lines, with plenty of time for more pre-meal politicking. People looked around for garrulous Comptroller General Henry Mills who always walks up and down the line, jokingly thanking them for coming to "his" party. Up the line was the barbeque, the turkey hash, the rice and cole slaw and the iced tea, the feast the Amicks and a stray game warden or two spent all day preparing.

Each year at Amick's Barbeque, politicians become separated from debatable issues and even from their niches of power. The politics of personality, perhaps the purest form of politics, is practiced to perfection there.

Don't blame the sheriff

A lot of politicians would like voters to believe that the only real issues in most campaigns are personal integrity, personality, and so on. But there's at least one official running for re-election this year who's willing to talk about the real issues, so we thought we'd pass along the information on the campaign card of Beaufort County Sheriff L. W. Wallace who's running for re-election:

It may be a Prowler, a Burglar, a Drunk;
He may steal your billfold, your watch or your trunk.

We set out to catch 'im, and we do our best;
We catch our percentage and the rest.

We can't catch them all, for some leave no clue—
They don't leave their cards like the Candidates do.

Sometimes they plead guilty, and the Judge will scold,
Then half of the county will want them paroled.

They blame the depression, the new deal, the tariff,
But most of the folks put the blame on the Sheriff.

So it's quite a game if you stay right in—
You'll get a pat on the back and a sock on the chin.

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Pastrami	1.75
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(Above served on Bun or Rye Bread with Potato Salad, Kosher Dill Strip)

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Bar Brands	1.25	1.65
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Sports Notes

Up with hockey

by Jim Walser

Columbia has long been considered strictly a collegiate sports town, the unchallenged domain of the University of South Carolina's athletic teams both in terms of game attendance and television viewership. Recent decisions by WIS-TV and WIS-Radio are seemingly the inevitable by-products of that resident philosophy (or stigma, depending on how one sees it), for the good or ill of area sports fans.

WIS-TV chose last winter not to televise regular season National Hockey League telecasts, even though the games were offered each Sunday (and some Friday nights) beginning in January by NBC, its parent network. That decision was not particularly surprising, since regular season play in the NHL -- as is the case in many sports -- is merely a prelude to the playoff series. Ratings for the regular season games have been alarmingly low, from NBC's point of view , season games in the metropolitan where hockey is well-attended in person. Yet some thought that WIS-TV would break their ban on the hockey telecasts when the Stanley Cup Series began a few weeks ago, a series which is pro hockey's equivalent of baseball's World Series.

"I love hockey, but the ratings simply weren't there," says WIS-TV program director Todd Sperry, a native of Detroit and former Detroit Red Wing fan. "We did a study of last year's Stanley Cup ratings. We had only 13,000 homes for the final Stanley Cup game of the final series. That's terribly low. By comparison, Carolina basketball games (which WIS also televises) reach over 110,000 homes. Our Seven O'Clock News goes to about 109,000. Even "Days of Our Lives'' gets to about 59,000 homes. Mr. Knozit, in the middle of the afternoon, has 23,000 homes. You can see what I mean."

There were problems, however, with the 1973 hockey telecasts which the parent network has avoided this spring. Last year's Stanley Cup playoffs were in conflict almost every night with the NBA playoff finals between the Knicks and Lakers, an extremely popular series locally. Consequently, the ratings for the hockey game suffered, especially in cities like Columbia where many people are still confounded by the intracies of ice hockey. This year NBC and the NHL folks have decided to avoid that conflict wherever possible, and they even delayed the start of Sunday's seventh game between New York and Philadelphia to avoid head-to-head ratings difficulties with the Boston—Milwaukee basketball game on CBS.

Also, hockey is a relatively new innovation to Southern sports fans, but its popularity elsewhere indicates that several million people have found it worthy and exciting enough to invest time and money in In Atlanta, where the second-year Flames played well enough to make the first round of the Stanley Cup playoffs, phenomenal crowds attended the games all season at prices ranging up to $7.50 per admission. Next year tickets will cost up to $9 per game. Meanwhile, the basketball Hawks, who played winning ball, were in red ink again and drew few fans. Likewise, the Atlanta Braves baseball team is having troubles at the gate. So it seems that, given time to understand the concept of the sport, Southern fans can cultivate an interest in ice hockey.

Perhaps the worse part of WIS-TV's decision was the fact that while the NHL playoff game raged Sunday in Philadelphia, and viewers in Charleston, Charlotte and many other surrounding cities watched attentively, WIS-TV beamed the Lawrence Welk show for the second time in 24 hours to its huge Midlands audience. God knows there's enough sports on television for almost anyone these days. The only thing worse is two showings of Lawrence Welk in just two days.

* * * * *

Entirely independent of WIS-TV's decision not to televise hockey was WIS-Radio's decision not to broadcast Atlanta Braves baseball this year, as they had done in the years since the Braves moved from Milwaukee to Atlanta in 1966.

As radio station manager Dave Kirschner explains: "Our ratings were down 62 per cent over four years ago in the 8-11 p.m. time slot and Sunday afternoons from 2 to 6 p.m. Since 1970 we've watched the ratings drop until we just couldn't give it any longer. Before last season we said 'well, okay, Aaron's got a chance to break the record this year, so we might as well try it this year. We did about 150 games last year, and the ratings were way down."

WIS-Radio is not the only station in the area to drop the Braves games, and it's becoming increasingly obvious that the promise of rich radio and television rights, the plum which led in 1966 to the Braves' controversial move to Atlanta, is turning sour. WIS-TV did decide to carry 20 or so games this season, but has used them on at least one occasion in place of, and not in addition to, the regular NBC Saturday telecast. Other stations and sponsors who were eager to participate in the Braves radio/television package five years ago are now turning away. Atlanta's WSB-TV, probably the South's biggest television station, no longer acts as the anchor station of the Braves television network. And attendance at Braves' games in Atlanta, other than the opening night game when Aaron did break Ruth's record, has hardly averaged 4,000 fans per night. Fan apathy, it would seem, will only worsen next season when Henry Aaron retires and the team will have no recognizable personalities. Atlanta has always been blessed with young hitters, but pitching and defense there has always been little more than an ugly rumor. This year even the hitters are having their problems. The Atlanta situation is not a pretty one, but graceless abandonment of the city such as happened in Milwaukee a decade ago by this same organization doesn't seem too likely. There's almost nowhere left to go.

* * * * *

As mentioned, Columbia has traditionally belonged to the college fans. Atlanta is rapidly becoming a professional city only, with Georgia Tech's athletic department reporting financial losses last year. Up the road in Charlotte is a city that is losing its ability to support either, it seems. Three months ago it seemed possible that Charlotte may become the home of two "major league'' pro franchises, the Carolina Cougars of the ABA and the Toronto team of the new World Football League. Now the Cougars have more or less disbanded and will play in neither Greensboro or Charlotte and the Toronto team (which will house Cszonka, Kiick and Warfield in 1975) is headed for Memphis. Charlotte has recently lost its minor league baseball team, and has also stopped supporting Davidson basketball now that the team no longer graces the Top Twenty(it was still good enough to defeat USC last season). Attendance at Southern Hockey League games in Charlotte was also severely down this season.

* * * * *

Here's this week's basketball recruiting update:

South Carolina-- Coach Frank McGuire officially announced the signing of 6-1 guard Billy Truitt of Buffalo, as reported here last week. McGuire spared few superlatives when talking of his two backcourt recruits for the '74 season: "Truitt and Gilloon (Jack, the other Gamecock guard recruit) are as good or better than any other guards in the East. With Truitt's scoring ability and Gilloon's ballhandling and passing ability, we feel we have the dream freshman backcourt combination in the country." Flattering words from the usually reserved McGuire...

Meanwhile, USC is still on the lookout for a swingman, a player that could provide depth at forward and guard in future seasons.

Kentucky-- Whoever gets high school senior Moses Malone, the top prize available this spring, will automatically have qualified as having the best recruiting year in the nation. But the University of Kentucky, which is not in the running for Malone, may have secured its spot as second best in the national recruiting with two critical signings this week. Deciding to play with Joe Hall's Wildcats were 6-11 Mike Phillips of Clinton, Ohio and 6-10 Rick Robey of New Orleans, La. Both were considered among the top five high school centers in the country, with Phillips breaking all scoring and rebounding records for prep basketball players in Ohio. "They got together at one of these All-Star games and decided that they would like to play at the same school," said a cooperative Kentucky spokesman by telephone this week. Will they play in the same lineup? "Well, we'll wait and see what happens, but I would certainly imagine so," the spokesman reported. As if that were not enough, Kentucky had earlier signed two other prep All-Americans, 6-6 forward James Lee and 6-4 swingman Jackie Givens, both of hometown Lexington. Another recruit already committed to Kentucky is 6-10 Danny Metsylane. Adolph Rupp made Kentucky a basketball power before retiring a few years ago, and if these recruits are any indication Hall intends to put them back on top.

Virginia-- New coach Terry Holland recorded a major catch, 6-2 guard Dave Koesters, of West Springfield, Virginia, who signed a grant last weekend. Koesters was Holland's first significant recruit, a player sought by several ACC schools, including N.C. State. Forward Mark Iavaron of Plainsville, N.Y. and 6-1 guard Tom Briscoe of Lakewood, N.J. have also agreed to attend Virginia.

Marquette-- Butch Lee, called the best guard in the Northeast by many college scouts, has decided not to attend Duke and play with Marquette's Al McGuire instead. It will give McGuire a solid replacement -- with considerable more offensive firepower-- for departed senior captain Marcus Washington. Marquette was second in the nation this March, and may well be back there next season.

North Carolina-- UNC coach Dean Smith is looking for another guard and is reported interested in 6-4 Steve Collier of Hanover, Ind. More on that one later.

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The race begins...

"Regardless of how this comes out, this will be my first and last political campaign."

Bill Westmoreland
on the stump in Greenville

Promises, promises.

That's what political campaigns are all about, after all, and the dozen or so gubernatorial candidates currently criss-crossing the state in pur uit of the support and votes of their fellow South Carolina residents have been making their fair share.

Peggy Jennings, the much-overlooked Independent Party candidate, pledges that during here four years in office that "all Saturday's would be set aside to visit one of the county seats to talk with the people." Meanwhile, "Pug" Ravenel promises to go to Washington, should he be elected, to lobby against inflationary federal spending practices, a novel suggestion for the Governor of South Carolina to say the least. John Bolt Culbertson (somehow this campaign deserved him) promises more pay for teachers, as does Nick Zeigler and just about everybody else. Most everyone says he could run the state government more efficiently, more "businesslike" (a favorite word in all of this) than anybody has before them, leaving us all to wonder how the hell it's being managed now.

Naturally, candidates have got to say something, and if this campaign has proved anything it's that it will not be an easy one to get people excited about. Somehow, quantity of candidates does not necessarily equal quality of campaign or election choices. And The People, whereever they are, seem to sense it. The extraordinary number of candidates and the shifting of primary dates and campaign scenarios due to reapportionment problems have no doubt led to the confusion of manner potential voters.

Another problem which seems destined to cause difficulties for South Carolina candidates on every level is the ever-present "post-Watergate morality" or mentality, as it might be called. Probably the only significant trend which emerged from this week's primary elections in North Carolina, Ohio and Alabama, was the fact that less people than ever are bothering to vote these days. And with the impeachment wrangle coming up and the fallout surrounding the release of the edited transcripts still far from settled, it seems likely that voter participation will suffer this fall, in financial support as well as at the ballot box. That's bad news for reform candidates like "Pug" Ravenel and newcomer who are searching for a constituency like William Westmoreland.

*****

Westmoreland, of course, has been having his troubles on the campaign trail, although he still insists the campaign is "the fun time of my life." Maybe so, but Westmoreland seems to be having anything but fun as he tours the state from speaking engagement to Rotary Club to family group. His well-publicized errors at the start of the campaign (mostly his inability to discuss the issues of the campaign) have hurt him, according to supporters of his opponent, Charleston State Senator James Edwards.

And Westy doesn't seem to be improving as time passes on. At a recent speech in Greenville, Westmoreland addressed a group of sales and marketing executives, prime GOP material. While refering to Greenville-Spartanburg-Laurens U.S. Congressman James R. Mann, Westy mistakenly called him "my good friend Charlie Mann" and later inadvertently endorsed Mann over his Republican challenger in the district.

"We have great potential for tourism," Westmoreland told the group, "which means training lots more waiters and waitresses, and we want tourists coming here who will spend money. And if they don't we'd just as soon not have them." Westmoreland added, "It's easier to pick a tourist than a bale of cotton."

Westmoreland's chief problem seems to be his inability to adapt to a loose and easy campaign style, a fact that especially worries his staff in a year when voters will be more than ever skeptical of candidates depending on public relations men. As one Greenville viewer saw the speech, "He was terrible, everyone wondered when he would sit down. It was embarassing."

At the annual meeting of the South Carolina Education Association a couple of wee s ago, Westmoreland astounded onlookers by launching into a long, prepared speech while other gubernatorial candidates spoke off the cuff."Ww must move toward putting the pay of our teachers on a par with that of our neighboring states," Westmoreland explained as the master of ceremonies tried desperately to get him off the stage.

Backers of Charleston Senator Edwards see the difference between themselves and Westmoreland as considerably less than the 2-1 margin among Republicans projected by that unscientific *State* newspaper poll. "We feel like Westmoreland has reached his peak strength and that the more he talks, the better we look among traditional Republicans in the primary,." explains as Edwards worker. "We feel that we getting better all the time as more and more people come to realize our positions and who we are."

*****

The trouble on the Democratic side is simply a matter of keeping the candidates straight. Several of them are making similar statements, and the lack of emerging statewide issues has been

a problem, according to the candidates.

Lt. Governor Earle Morris has surprised some observers by maintaining a very close identification with the West administration. Speaking at the SCEA political rally, Morris struck a pose that he has maintained for the past several months now in public, that of defending the state's current rate of economic growth -- in effect, trying to maximize his association with the West administration. "We're not on top yet," Morris told the teachers, "but our economic growth over the past several years has been steady. I pledge to continue that growth and progress." Another favorite statement by Morris has been the contention that "we can't afford to let the office of governor be a retirement center" or "we can't afford on the job training with the crucial years that lie ahead for our next governor." The first remark is aimed at Westmoreland and Dorn, both of whom are eligible to retire while the later is a reference to his experience as Lt. Governor and to the lack of state government experience held by the other candidates in the field.

Congressman William Jennings Bryan Dorn, Morris' chief opponent in the primary at the moment, continues to cite his Washington experience and his hints of how the knowledge gained over the years could be put to good use for the state were he elected governor in November. Speaking to a Charleston Civic Club the other day, Dorn said, "I have fought for every federal dollar possible for South Carolina: for veteran benefits, education, highways and other public works projects. I am not nor have I ever been in favor of Washington making decisions to institute programs at the local level, however."

Charleston investment banker "Pug" Ravenel, a third Democratic candidate, used the controversy surrounding his

Dorn

Ravenel

residency problems to gain a good amount of free publicity and will now spend the next months trying to develop his campaign that what the state needs at this point is "a new face." Even though Ravenel's theme is essentially anti-establishment, he has carefully avoided dwelling on Watergate and similar government screw-ups, instead emphasizing his own business experience as a high qualification for the job of governor.

"There has been a lot of talk about 'experience' in the campaign for governor," Ravenel told a group of USC education administrators the other day. "I firmly believe that I have the most complete and most relevant experience of all the candidates. The governor is responsible for the management of thousands of people. My business training included significant responsibility for finding competent people and managing them."

Other candidates in the Democratic race -- Nick Zeigler, Maurice Bessinger, John Bolt Culbertson, and Milton Dukes -- have campaigned considerably less than the other three.

Zeigler is the most significant of the four others, coming off a loss to Strom Thurmond in the U.S. Senate contest of 1972. Many people felt that Zeigler would drop out of the race if Ravenel's candidacy were upheld in court. But he hasn't as yet, and he told Osceola last week that he believes he can win the primary. "The most significant thing is that the two front-runners (Morris and Dorn) have been campaigning for over half a year and still haven't gotten 30 per cent of the vote (refering to the poll taken by the *State*). There is a large uncommitted vote and I think if it comes down to a head-knocking contest, I'll be the one the voters turn to."

JIM WALSER

Books

Lost chances

LOST CHANCE IN CHINA: The World War II despatches of John S. Service. Edited by Joseph W. Esherick. Randon House, 409 pages, $12.95.

Much of the failure of the United States to manage a successful Chinese or East Asian foreign policy for the last quarter of a century may be attributed to the loss of the brains and well-founded advice of an entire generation of China experts.

John Stewart Service, one of the most knowledgeable U.S. Foreign Service officers on China duty during the 1930s and 1940s and a principle target of the late Sen. Joe McCarthy in the Red scare days, was the victim of a time and a related attitude, but also a victim of his own too-thorough competence. That he was dismissed from the State Department (along with fellow old China hands John Paton Davies Jr., O. Edmund Clubb, John Carter Vincent, and others) for the "disoloyalty" of his judgements was part of a misfortune that continued to shadow our actions in Asia for two decades.

From 1933 until 1945, when he was recalled to the United States, the China-born Service was on duty throughout the Chinese mainland. It was a period noteable for utrbulence and change on every level of Chinese society, and a time substantially filled with lost hopes. As his lucid communqies so clearly show in this book, he was a brilliant observer who sought information from cabinet ministers, the merchant bankers, field soldiers and peasant farmers. Service gave the United States what was certainly the most accurate information Washington could have expected; that he also learned enough to predict accurately the Communist victory in the Chinese Civil War and to give some advice relative to this was that extra bit of competence that ended his career.

Service saw that the Kuominatang and its leader, Generalissimo Chiang kai-shek, had neither the intention nor the ability to unite China, work for the economic benefits of anyone other than themselves, or tackle the Japanese alone. As he was to write in March of 1944: "China is in a mess. No military action on a significant scale is in sight. The economic crisis continues to drfit and worsen. internal unrest is active and growing...China is still Chiang kai-shek...We are, it is true, partially to blame for adding to Chin a's economic problems. But for the sorry situation as a whole, Chiang, and only Chiang, is responsible."

When finally disappointed to a degree of hopelessness, he and many fellow Foreign Service officials began the process of advising Washington that the time had come to plan for the future of China and abandon the exclusive support of Chiang at the cost of those other factions that actually ruled the more substantial part of China. But the realism of Service, Davies, Clubb and the others of the China duty mandarinate was no real match for the ignorance of many top Truman and Eisenhower administration officeholders. By clearing the house of these "suspicious" men, the nation would later pay in tremendous human and financial resources in the Korean and Vietnamese wars.

The progressive deterioration that led to the collapse of Chiang and his central government may be charted through the despatches in this work: the famine in Honan Province and the mismanagement of relief; the unfortunate impact of the American army on the Chengtu area; the open willingness of Chinese generals to become Japanese puppets (by 1943 some 58 government commanders of general rank had joined the Japanese and commanded puppet troops; Chinese troops turned puppet numbered 600,000); the bickering within Chiang's "royal family" as the two brothers-in-law, H. H. Kung and T. V. Soong, scrambled for power in the cabinet and for control of the national banks; and, in considerable detail, the building of strength in the countryside by the Communists.

While serving under General Joseph Stilwell, Service spent a period attached to the headquarters of Mao Tse-tung at Yenan, and during this period interviewed the major Communist leaders: Mao, Chou En-lai, Chu Teh, and Lin Piao. It is obvious that these men were attempting to present the very best (and most democratic) face to Service as the United States representative; and while perhaps all intentions were not made clear, their quite obvious need for the assistance of the United States — because of an apparent early distrust of Soviet Russia — cannot be denied. There is substantial evidence here that this was indeed a squandered opportunity on our part.

If Service required any additional vindication for the soundness of his efforts or his views on how to arrange an adjustment in the best interests of both China and the United States in the period before the total victory of the Chinese Communists i n 1949 and 1950, this collection, so plainly showing his honesty and good sense, should certainly bring this about now, if a generation late.

David Martineau

Theatre/"An Ideal Husband" and "I Do! I Do!"

A stream of entertainment

"An Ideal Husband"
Written by Oscar Wilde
Directed by Malie Bruton
at Workshop Theatre through May 18

Back when language was still a popular means of communication, playwrights could write dreadfully funny plays in which men could commit gross deeds but find an outlet from their just punishments simply by involving enough of their stagemates in the unraveling of the dastardly situation. So, the actors would sit and banter about the subject until — lo and behold — everything's peachy again.

Ben Jonson or Moliere might dress up the basic plot with wild comic actions, fights, or other means, Ibsen might erase all the humor and concentrate on a social theme, and O'Neill might pass around the bottle until everyone was too stewed to talk any more. Oscar Wilde, on the other hand, strips his characters of everything but their physical appearances and their language. Whether they strut or flounder depends solely on how well-equipped each is in verbally presenting a point of view.

Sir Robert Chiltern would seem to have no problem with this. He rose to power on the basis of a speech he made before the House of Commons endorsing the governmental purchase of stocks in a Panama Canal scheme which paid off handsomely. What Sir Robert failed to tell the MP's, however, is that he had earlier advised a rich patron to buy large sums of this stock in anticipation of a price jump when the government announced its purchase. The friend picks up a tidy sum, and Sir Robert gains a fortune as well as a position of power. One evening years later, after the opera, a mysterious woman, Mrs. Chevely — known only by her reputation — arrives for dinner at Sir Robert's and announces to him that she has learned of his scandalous past and wishes for him now to endorse — in a speech before Parliament — an Argentine canal so she too can become rich. If he refuses, she exposes him.

This is the tangle which must be unsnarled before everything's peachy again in the world of Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband*, currently enjoying a healthy production by Workshop Theatre. Though this "trivial comedy for sensible people" (as Wilde termed it and some of his other work) is hardly the meatiest play the theatre group has undertaken, in many ways it allows for wider experimentation in certain elements of stagecraft than some of the more "modern" plays produced there.

Wilde's play contains 14 characters — 13 of whom appear on stage in Act I — who live in the 1890's, a situation which demands large dresses and growns for the women's roles. The Workshop stage is quite small in comparison to most; yet, Director Malie Bruton, aided deftly by set designer Elinor Pettit and costumer John Whitehead, manages to get all of Wilde's play on the stage with room to spare on one side. Furthermore, Ms. Pettit's two-storied set dresses the stage well, using a larger stage area by exploiting heights. This process allows the director to distance her audience from the action of the play by building the illusion of a curtained stage — the high school gym variety. This "distancing", of course, is most necessary because not even Wilde would want us to become too involved in his merriment — the work of a genius merely flexing his wit.

And what wit we see here, especially in the character of Arthur, Lord Goring, expertly played by British-born Stuart Browne. Lord Goring, to some extent, represents Wilde's point of view. Entrusted with the facts of the scandal, Lord Goring comes tete-a-tete with the villainous Mrs. Chevely and threatens to take her the damaging evidence she holds over his friend, Lord Robert. The woman counter-attacks: "You brute! You coward!" to which he responds: "Oh, don't use big words, they mean so little." At one point, he nonchalantly announces: "There is more to be said for stupidity than people imagine. Personally, I have a great admiration for stupidity. It is a sort of fellow-feeling, I suppose." In the midst of an argument with his father, the old man inquires, "Do you always really understand what you say, sir?" to which his son punctually answers, "Yes, father, if I listen attentively."

Lord Goring succeeds in Wilde's world because he can speak his native tongue in a pleasing manner to his listeners. Browne bestows upon the character a sense of purposeful existence and a dancing playfulness which present a balanced portrait of the debonaire ne'er-do-well who, because of situations, does well. Hal Buckley's Sir Robert is a man caught between his wit and his weakness. Outwardly, he can maintain while inwardly he anguishes. Buckley nicely presents this dichotomy without creating a totally desperate man. Through his handling of the role, we see a complete picture of the man before and after the fall. Buckley presents the strengths and the weaknesses of his character without turning him into a ranting fool.

Mary Arnold Garvin as Lady Chiltern plays against the stereotyped matronly figure through her zestful bounciness and well-intentioned stubbornness. Lady Chiltern becomes caught between the truth as she knows it and the truth as it is, and Ms. Garvin never allows this struggle within her to become too serious. Though the situation could be horribly serious, the actress deftly keeps a comic touch on everything.

As the mysterious Mrs. Chevely, Cynthia Gilliam has a perfectly good time creating the villain of the piece. Without relying upon dated techniques, she manages to create a nasty character through movement and speech. Joe Dillard Lord Goring's father, both looks and sounds too much like Colonel Sanders to be completely effective as the old gentleman who raves at his son and the idiocies of the present. Amanda Graham is both sweet and demure as Miss Mabel Chiltern, Lord Goring's only refuge in this world of fools. From the very beginning, Ms. Graham makes evident that she is no common woman; i.e., that she wouldn't settle for an "ideal husband" as Lady Chiltern had. As the boring Lady Markby, Winifred Orr neatly demonstrates why Wilde hated old, boring ladies.

Director Bruton has not only radically transformed the Workshop stage, but she has graced it with elegance and humor. She effectively weaves the physical posings of her characters into delicate tableaux which sometime tell us more about the play's action than the script itself. In a crucial argument between Sir Robert and Lady Chiltern, for instance, Sir Robert's delivery of the "death-blow" becomes obvious not from the words spoken but from the actions of the actors. These subconscious physical posturings add spectacle and depth to the entire production without becoming artificial barriers between the play and the audience, and without destroying the comedy of the words. Ms. Bruton keeps a tight rein over her actors and their wanderings, especially in the opening act's dinner party.

In minor roles, Jimmy Truesdale, Bill Nolte, Belle Mead Heckle, Debbie Trevathan, and Beth Burnside appear as party guests. E.J. Foley portrays the dependable Mason, and Steve Hooper is quite good as Phipps, the valet.

Seeing *An Ideal Husband* is a fine way to have a night out. The play does absolutely nothing but offer a steady stream of instant entertainment. There are no disagreeable themes to wrestle with, no bogey-men to haunt your dreams, and no screeched obscenities to scorch your ears. Instead, Wilde's characters and the Workshop actors will talk you up a grand evening of fun.

—Mike Smith

Professional delight

"I Do! I Do!"
May 2 - 11
Town Theatre
directed by Joseph Ridolfo

Lanny Palmer and Thom Jones are ideal choices for Town Theatre's two-person musical, *I Do! I Do!*. They use their considerable talents to create two lovable characters from the play's beginning until its moving and rather surprising final scene. The two veterans of Columbia stages sing and dance through a script which seems to have been written especially for them, and the result is an honest, wonderfully fresh evening's entertainment.

This exhausting production is as delightful to the audience as it is challenging for the two players.

The story takes place in the bedroom of Agnes and Michael over a 50-year period and gives a detailed account of their marriage that includes a timid and confused wedding night, Michael's sympathetic labor pains and the birth of two children. As Michael, a writer, achieves fame and a larger amount of arrogance, the tension grows. The inevitable fight is a musical melee, a symphonic shouting match that is a witty and accurate description of the more difficult times in marriage. All is resolved, however, with equally passionate embraces.

The play concludes as the couple, still young and zesty, sit on the edge of the stage facing the audience, and apply make-up. The transformation is startling and moving, for the once animated characters are now old and deliberate. This is perhaps the most touching sequence in the play, for the inevitability of age is presented in a quiet, yet dramatic way. There are no stereotypes of old age of theatrics to indicate it; the two players succeed in projecting a man and a women who are genuinely old and are still very much in love. As age overtakes them, they realize that their house, and of course, their bedroom is too much for them, so they rent it to a young, recently-married couple and move to an apartment.

Walter O'Rourke furnishes an excellent set, and musical director Kay Holley provides fine accompaniment with a three-piece ensemble.

Director Joseph Ridolfo has succeeded in uniting the talents of his cast and crew to present Town Theatre's most professional show of the season.

—John Marion

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Music

An eye on himself

"Short Stories"
by Harry Chapin

The last time Harry Chapin blessed us with his music, the album was a rather naturalistic work called *Sniper and Other Love Stories*. There we saw Chapin the social critic at work, presenting us vignettes of lost souls -- a girl who tortured herself out of self-hatred, a "woman child" getting an abortion, a sniper whose unanswered cries for love turn to violence. All in all, it was a poignant but depressing portrayal of urban life.

In *Short Stories*, Chapin's latest album, the poet turns his eye upon himself, and the self-portrait he paints is similar to the disc jockey captured in the hit song, "W.O.L.D.," yet more complex. I wouldn't go so far as to say Chapin is "feeling 45, going on 15," for while he catches the soul of adolescence in some songs, he seems to feel compassion for all ages and all personalities.

It is tempting to just print the lyrics and to let Chapin's words themselves tell of his introspections and observations about other people. But that would be highly unusual in a review, and besides, the pathos in Chapin's messages cannot be accurately conveyed merely through printed matter. This rather unconventional artist chooses to put as much emphasis on story-telling as on musicianship, and the result is a collection of amusing and often sentimental sketches of very real people.

"Mail Order Annie," a song about a North Dakota "dirt man" meeting his "mail order" bride, shows how Chapin can move you with a simple tale of human loneliness and alienation. Annie and her husband-to-be have little in common -- she being from the city and he from the Midwest plains -- and yet they share the universal human need for companionship. "You're not as pretty as I'd dreamed you'd be," says the farmer, "but then I'm not no Handsome Fancy Dan."

It is this simplicity of wording combined with the complexity and sincerity of his thoughts that makes Chapin appealing. Perhaps he heeded Yeats's admonition to "speak like a wise man but express yourself like the common people."

Chapin writes about universal sentiments in a vivid style...

"W.O.L.D." is the first song by Chapin to get much air play and it is indeed one of his best. It is impossible to imagine him as anything but a "morning DJ," the "bright good morning voice who's heard but never seen." The way in which the song changes tone near the end, from happy-go-lucky heart-broken, echoes perfectly the personality of such a public figure, the split between happy and sad. I've always wondered if disc jockeys were so "super-hyped" off the air, and I think Chapin answered my question.

It would take all day to write down all the phrases on this album which seem especially meaningful, because Chapin writes about universal sentiments in a vivid style. For instance, he talks about signs of growing old: "I got a spot on the top of my head, just begging for a new toupee. A tire around my gut from sitting on my **** but it's never gonna go away...." Lovely.

Short Stories, the title of the album and the opening song, is significant. Each of the ten songs recorded is indeed a short story, and all could be extrapolated into marvelous fiction. "Short stories — that's what we live," the title cut tells us, which seems to be Chapin's way of telling us that we can learn a great deal from the little romances and episodes happening about us, if we will only spend the time and effort to really live and observe.

Chapin's vocals show great range and variety, as he alternately sounds like Cat Stevens (on the title song), Randy Newman (on "There's a Lot of Lonely People Tonight"), and finally, good old raspy Harry Chapin. The styles vary from the smooth softness of "Mail Order Annie" to the hung-over, aging DJ sound of "W.O.L.D." More important than this ability to suit style to atmosphere is the feeling of personality that exudes from his voice.

It's hard not to like an artist who puts so much of himself into his music. Without an autobiography of the man, you can't truly judge how much of his life is interjected into these songs. But the intensity of the emotions is such that you can't help seeing parts of Chapin's character in these cuts.

As to the musicianship, don't assume that it takes a back seat to the poetry. Chapin, who plays acoustic guitar simply and fittingly, has an accomplished set of musicians backing him up. Ron Palmer, lead guitarist, and John Wallace, on electric bass, worked with Chapin on *Sniper*. A newcomer, Michael Masters, "coaxes incredible sacred and profane poetry from his cello," as Chapin writes in the liner notes.

Credit for the keyboards and production goes to Paul Leka, and the engineering by Billy Rose II is superb, keeping everything mixed in its proper proportion. This is definitely not a "boogie" album, even less so than *Sniper*, but it doesn't need to be. The poetry speaks loudly.

There is also a half-articulated political side to Chapin that barely shines through on this album. The only time he makes outright political commentary is in "Changes," a piece about changes in the way we interpret life, where he writes:

> There I was in your Air Force;
> Uncle Sam, you owned my brain.
> I tried to see myself as a sex mad savior
> Sailing on a silver plane.
> I started out to do my duty,
> Ended up just doing time.

Yet we wonder if he wouldn't like to say more. In "Song For Myself," he laments the fact that "no one's wrote a protest song since 1963. Are we all gonna listen to the moldy gold and say just let it be?"

"Mr. Tanner" is a touchingly sad tale of a cleaning shop owner with a beautiful baritone voice who sang because "music was his life...it just made him whole." Well-meaning friends persuade Mr. Tanner to begin a professional career in music, but the jibes of the critics hurt him so deeply that he never sings again publicly. This is an eloquent statement by Chapin about people who only see the commercial value in art and overlook the spiritual satisfaction it can bring. But it is more than that. Mr. Tanner seems to be a part of Harry Chapin, for whom music is certainly more than a livelihood. Let's hope that Chapin continues to sing out, loud and clear.

—Bob Thompson

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Books/"The Americanization of Dixie"

A little scary, but mostly sad

THE AMERICANIZATION OF DIXIE: THE SOUTHERNIZATION OF AMERICA. By John Egerton. Harper's Magazine Press. 226 pages, $7.95.

When I was in college there was much controversy over the playing of "Dixie" at sports events. I thought then and still believe that it was a petty squabble, that the South ought to forget itself as a region and become part of the country, working for the goals of that country.

I must agree, however, with John Egerton that the South should try to preserve some of its distinctive qualities.

Egerton says the South is now rejoining the country, but he is fearful of the way that union is taking place. "The South and the nation are not exchanging strengths as much as they are exchanging sins; more often than not, they are sharing and spreading the worst in each other, while the best languishes and withers," he writes in his new book *The Americanization of Dixie: The Southernization of America.*

"The South could indeed be something special," he says. "But the evidence that it is is going to be difficult to find. Far more visible and conspicuous are the examples of mistakes being repeated, of warnings being ignored, of opportunities being missed."

A Nashville-based freelance writer, thirty-nine-year-old Egerton has a good knowledge of his material, being a native Southerner and having written about the South, education and race relations. He has worked for the Southern Education Reporting Service and for the Race Relations Information Center. He is the author of *A Mind to Stay Here*, a book of profiles from the South, and has had articles published in more than a dozen magazines including *Saturday Review, The Progressive, The Nation, Change*, and *South Today*.

Egerton sees the basic trends of this Americanization process as "deep divisions along race and class lines, an obsession with growth and acquisition and consumption, a head long rush to the cities and suburbs, diminution and waste of natural resources, institutional malfunction, abuse of political and economic power, increasing depersonalization, and a steady erosion of the sense of place, of community, of belonging."

John Egerton

And in many ways technology and modernization are bringing us to this inevitable Americanization as much as changes in values and perspectives.

The areas he discusses are:

-- The family farm -- where farming is passed from one generation to the next, where land and working with the soil has meaning -- is vanishing. It is being snuffed out by government policies, lack of labor, inflation, taxes . . . growing in its place are the impersonal agribusiness conglomerates. Egerton says, "Family farming is like country cooking and handmade furniture: at its best, it is simple personal, creative, authentic, even noble - and it is vanishing."

-- The land is being misused and threatened by concentrated populations, those who would beat it into patterns of concrete and shrub, and those who love money. "People multiply; land does not," he writes. "Growth begets growth and the land diminishes. When it becomes scarce its desirability increases; it is coveted, pursued, hunted and ultimately it is the people with money and power who get it . . ."

-- There has been no real progress in education, no real integration, only desegregation (This is a pattern all over the country he says, but gives Greenville, S.C. as an example of a city trying to make school integration work.) On a slightly optimistic note the author says that in some Southern communities thorough going integration is possible and attainable and that people in these places are beginning to feel that integration will serve the best interest of everyone and that people will be able to learn from each other's diversities.

-- The South has seen tremendous economic growth in the last decade, but this industrialization has had little effect, if any, on the great masses of Southerners. "Less than one-fourth of the nation's people live in the South, but almost one-half of the nation's poor live there," syas Egerton. "The South cannot survive without industrialization - and may not survive with it."

-- Egerton believes "the South's political behavior has been nationalized more by Richard Nixon's influence than by any other factor, and that is for the South a tragic misfortune." As vice-president under Eisenhower Nixon praised the 1954 civil rights decision (there were few Republican votes to be won in the South), but in 1968 and 1972 when the South began to get Republicans from its conservative ranks, Nixon Americanized Southern politics, saying that what the South wanted was what all Americans wanted and vice-versa. (In 1972 the issue was busing, of course.) But Egerton also believes that "over and above Nixon's successes, the end of one-party politics in the South is surely a positive and hopeful sign."

-- The South is becoming urbanized like the rest of the nation - leaving the black and poor to the cities to wrestle with its problems, while the white flee to the suburbs. (In this chapter his focus is on Columbia. See excerpts, *Osceola* in October, 1972 edition.)

-- Egerton does not believe the South is a cultural wasteland as suggested by H. L. Mencken's "Sahara of the Bozart." Mencken writes that "for all its size and all its wealth and all the 'progress' it babbles of, it is almost as sterile artistically, intellectually, culturally, as the Sahara Desert." Unfortunately, Egerton generalizes in much of the chapter and briefly skims art, poetry and drama. (There is however, a delightful analysis concerning football games and how the things that happen there reflect the values of society at large.)

This book is not as much an original creation as it is a journalistic analysis or perception of gathered information. He does a good job of convincing the reader that about the only difference between the South and the rest of the nation these days is climate.

However, his scope is limited in parts of the book. For example, in his chapter on cities he used Columbia as his only example, but at the same time admitting it is an exception in many ways. Egerton also does not tell us about the South's future if the Americanization is complete, not does he offer positive suggestions or alternatives for saving what little is still distinctively Southern.

Egerton really believes the process has gone too far now to be changed. And his dedication offers an additional note of finality: "To Brooks and March, who belong to the first generation of Americanized Southerners."

He seems to offer as an ending only questions, no alternatives or solutions. "What is going to become of kinship and closeness and family reunions, and manners and politeness and common courtesy, and pit barbecue and country ham and smoked sausage and fried catfish and homemade peach ice cream?" he asks. What indeed?

The book is interesting and worth reading -- a little scary, but mostly sad.

--Pat Stepp

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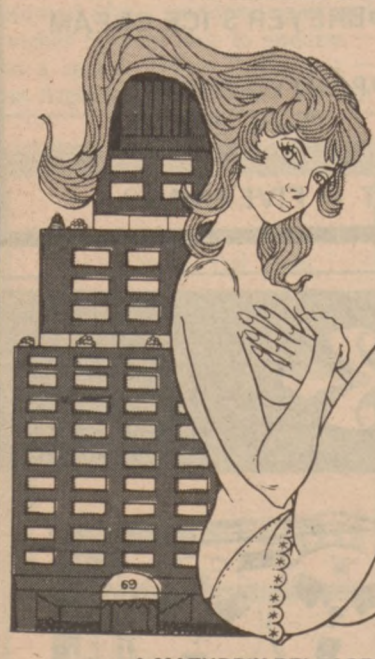

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EVENTS & entertainments

Through May 17

Edited By Julie Britt Byrum

cinema

If you're thinking about going to a movie, call ahead to verify times and shows. Many area theatres are subject to last minute changes in schedule.

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Black Eye" with Fred Williamson playing a private detective (hence the name). Shows at 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30 p.m.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"The World of Susie Wrong". Also, "Love Me, Please." So much for that. Shows are continuous from 3:30 p.m., so don't worry about missing important plot twists.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

Bobby Redford and Paul "Big Blue" Newman are together again in this new run of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." And there's Katharine Ross and beautiful scenery for those who require other things to catch the attention. Who does? Shows at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"High Rise," the first and only porno musical is up for grabs this week along with "Sex Customs in Denmark." Why doesn't somebody do a film about sex customs in South Carolina, or more specifically, Columbia? Especially with all those businessmen crowding the theatre at lunchtime. Shows continuous from 1 p.m. with the box office opening at 12:45 p.m. Rated X.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"Lovin' Molly," based on a book by Larry McMurtry, centers on the relationships between a woman named Molly and her two lovers, which last 30 years. Unfortunately, McMurtry himself says it just doesn't come up to the quality of his "The Last Picture Show" and "Hud." Stars Blythe Danner, Beau Bridges, and Anthony Perkins. Shows at 2, 3:50, 5:40, 7:30m and 9:20 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1100

"The Sting" is back – hoping to pick up a few more sheckels after sweeping the Oscars this year. With Hot Bob Redford, Robert Shaw, and Paul Newman. Shows at 1:45, 4:10, 6:35, and 9 p.m.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"The Exorcist" is still around. Lots of vomit, four-letter words, blood and gore, medical horrors, and a failing attempt at scaring people characterizes this less-than-perfect film. Still scaring people, however, is the $3 admission price – wait around until it comes again. Shows at 1:30, 4, 6:30, and 9 p.m.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, 796-0022

"The Three Musketeers" is raising fun out in Cayce this time around. If you haven't seen this comic pageant of old France, drag yourself over to see it. With Faye Dunaway, Charlton Heston, Michael York, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Oliver Reed. Shows at 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, and 9:15 p.m.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Mall, Cayce, 796-0022

There's a conspiracy among all the theatres in Columbia to drive me out of town, to say nothing of out of my mind. "Walking Tall" is here again. Yeccchh. If you feel you must see this one, may I recommend a good shrink? Shows at 2:15, 4:30, 6:45, and 9 p.m.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Great Gatsby" is flawed, but still a beautiful production, featuring some mighty fine performances by Mia Farrow, Bruce Dern, Robert Redford, Scott Wilson, Karen Black, and especially Sam Waterston, who plays the narrator of the story, Nick Carraway. Beautiful is the word for the sets – interior, and outdoor scenes, as well as the clothes, the cars, and the people. See it at 1, 3:40, 6:20, and 9 p.m.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 122 Main Street, 256-1050

"Hammersmith is Out" is in with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton (who else?), Peter Ustinov and Beau Bridges. Apparently, Hammersmith (Burton) is a master criminal and an escapee from a mental asylum. Sounds pretty interesting. Call theatre for times.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"The Poseidon Adventure" is back. Why? Shows are at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m. if anyone's interested.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Policewomen." And that's about all I know about it. Shows at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9 p.m. Rated R – adults only.

Late Show Friday and Saturday nights is "The Sex Thief," another adult sex comedy. Shows at 11 p.m.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall Shopping Center, 782-2228

"American Graffiti" is still hanging on for all the nostalgia freaks in town. Shows at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m.

theatre

Workshop Theatre will present one of the Oscar Wilde, the wild man's, plays beginning May 7 and running through May 18 with the chance for holdover performances if the house is full enough, and with the kind of performers they have assembled, it's a sure bet. **The Ideal Husband** is an English comedy of manners about marriage, British politics, and extramarital intrigues during the Victorian era, as viewed by the sardonic evil eye of Wilde. Appearing in the production, which is directed by Malie Bruton, are veteran Columbia performers Hal Buckley, Mary Arnold Garvin, Cynthia Gilliam, Stuart Browne, Joe Dillard, Amanda Graham and Winifred Orr. Reservations can be made by calling the theatre box office between noon and 6 p.m. at 252-5756.

Town Theatre gets into the musical act with **I Do, I Do,** a two-character musical play based on the '50s film with Rex Harrison called "The Four Poster," about the successful marriage of a couple, from their wedding night until death. The play is directed by Joseph Ridolfo and stars Lanny Palmer and Thom Jones, both excellent singers. The play will run through May 12. Call the theatre box office at 254-7227 for ticket and performance details.

art

"An Executive Collects" featuring **paintings, sculpture, and graphics** will be on view at the Columbia Museum of Art May 10 through June 2. The collection ranges from French Impressionism through 1974's contemporary art styles. The show will also introduce five new gifts to the Museum's permanent collection. The Museum will sponsor an open evening to premiere this new collection at 8:30 on Thursday, May 9, which will be open to the general public.

Also beginning May 10, and running through June 16, will be an exhibit of **the graphics of Henri Toulouse-Latrec**, including the artist's posters for Le Moulin Rouge and other Parisian gathering places.

Bruce Milletto: One Man Show will be on exhibition in Clemson's College of Architecture's Lee Hall Gallery now through May 31. Milletto is an artist-in-residence with the South Carolina Arts Commission's ARTS program.

music

The **Carolina Brass Quintet** will present a public concert on Wednesday, May 15 at 8 p.m. in the Columbia Museum of Art. The program will range from works by 16th Century composers to works by contemporary composers and will feature pieces by Bach, Pezel, Malcolm Arnold, and Maurice Calvert.

Boots Randolph and **Floyd Cramer** will perform in a Festival of Music at Carolina Coliseum on Saturday, May 18, at 8 p.m. Tickets are $6.50, $5.50, and $4.50.

Terry Rosen is now appearing Friday and Saturday evenings at the Lobby Restaurant on the corner of Main and Gervais Streets in the basement.

Poverty is playing on Friday and Saturday nights at the Ale House at 3137 Beltline Boulevard. Julia also does her things as an extra added excitement.

Jim and Lee, an up and coming musical duo, are performing every Monday night at the Scarlet Pumpernickel in Downunder Columbia. We heard these guys playing at Fiesta '74 Saturday, and their blend of voice, guitar, and harmonica make them sure winners.

meetings

The **S.C. American Civil Liberties Union** will hold its annual meeting Saturday, May 11 at 1700 Beltline Blvd. The Meeting will be divided into a business portion which will begin at 10:30 a.m., and afternoon workshops will be conducted between 1 and 2:30 p.m. on the subjects of capital punishment, the Equal Rights Amendment, the impeachment of our beloved president, and the ACLU project "A Child's Right to Parents." Everyone is invited to attend.

Richland County Council will meet at 2:30 p.m. Wednesday, May 15 at the old Columbia Hospital at 2020 Hampton Street on the third floor. Find out where our money goes...

Richland County School District No. 1 will be meeting on Wednesday, May 15 at 7 p.m. This week's meeting will be held at the Horrell Hill School, Route 3, in Hopkins.

specials

The **South Carolina Women's Political Caucus** in conjunction with the Division of Education Services at USC is presenting a workshop designed to inform and to raise the levels of awareness and political effectiveness for women. The workshop will be held at the Sheraton-Columbia Inn on May 18, with registration fee ($7) including luncheon. The workshop will include discussions on basic party involvement; women running for public office; raising issues, getting answers and lobbying; women in campaign work; campaign management; organizing a caucus; and press relations. The main speaker at the luncheon will be Liz Carpenter, former press secretary to Mrs. LBJ and now a political consultant in Washington, D. C. The action begins at 10:30 a.m. Don't miss it.

A **bicycle time trial**,sponsored by The Cyclist, will start at the Cricket Club on Bluff Road, 2 p.m. May 12. Y'all come.

The annual **Statewide Poetry Festival** will be held Thursday, May 16 beginning at 10:30 a.m. at Sesquicentennial State Park just outside of our fair city. All students and teachers in South Carolina are invited to attend – with no admission charge, a lovely outdoor setting and no formal dress required. Events will include attendance by all of the poets participating in the Poets-In-The-Schools program, music by classical guitarist Richard Phillips and folk singer Lee Knight, along with poetry readings and workshops. For further info, call Scott Sanders at the S.C. Arts Commission at 758-3442.

Don't forget about the new **recycling center** on the corner of Huger and Laurel Streets. Bring down all your recyclable paper and cardboard, tin, aluminum, and glass on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons from 3 to 6 p.m. and on Saturdays from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

An **exhibit of selections from manuscripts and printed items of South Caroliniana** is on display in the South Caroliniana Library, given by the South Caroliniana Society. The exhibit includes the Redcliffe collection of John Billings which centers around 19th century South Carolina Gov. James Hammond's Beech Island plantation (Redcliffe) as well as selections from the Hampton, Thompson-Jones, and Childs family papers.

television

Saturday, May 11

9 p.m.–Movie. "Giant." Elizabeth Taylor, James Dean (in his last role), Rock Hudson, and Mercedes McCambridge (the voice of the demon in "The Exorcist") star in this tale of romance, wealth, family conflicts, and racial prejudice in Texas. The film traces the trials and tribulations of the Benedict family from the 30s to the 50s when the oil boom shaped even more money. Part Two will play on Monday night. (Channel 10)

10 p.m.–Theatre in America presents D.H. Lawrence's "The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd," a naturalistic drama based on Lawrence's memories of his parents' turbulent marriage. Mrs. Holroyd (Mrs. Lawrence) was a refined, middle class lady, and her husband a bawdy coal miner. With Joyce Ebert, Rex Robbins, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Frank Converse. (Channel 35)

Sunday, May 12

8:30 p.m.–Movie. "Ice Station Zebra". This one is pretty hairy, people. This flick follows a nuclear sub to the North Pole, where scientists are stranded at a weather station. But the sub's real mission comes up as something of a surprise. Full of spies, double agents, sabotage, and Rock Hudson, Patrick McGoohan, and Jim Brown. To be continued Monday evening. (Channel 25)

Monday, May 13

11:30 p.m.–Movie. "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil." Made in 1959, this flick has Harry Belafonte, Inger Stevens, and Mel Ferrer as the only survivors of an atomic holocaust wandering about the deserted streets of Manhattan. (Channel 19)

Tuesday, May 14

8:30 p.m.–Movie. "The Affair". Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner star in this saccharine tale about a crippled songwriter who loses her virginity (and her heart) to a "sensitive" lawyer. Sob. (Channel 25)

Wednesday, May 15

11:30 p.m.–Movie. "Change of Mind." This one's got some problems, but the fine performances of Raymond St. Jacques, Janet McLachlan, and Susan Oliver aren't part of them. This one's about the world's first brain transplant from a white man to a black man. Sounds interesting to say the least. (Channel 19)

Thursday, May 16

11:30 p.m.–Dick Cavett now gets around to chatting with Jan Morris, formerly James Morris, man turned woman. As journalist James Morris, he covered the conquest of Mount Everest for the London Times, and has now, as a woman, written her autobiography called "Conundrum." (Channel 25)

Friday, May 17

11:30 p.m.–Movie. "The Disorderly Orderly". Yes, people, this is a Jerry Lewis movie, and it has the same effect on me as "Walking Tall" does. I become a paranoid-compulsive after only 15 minutes. Well, the only bright spot in the film is an appearance by Jon Buchan as a screwy brain surgeon. With Glenda Farrell and Susan Oliver. (Channel 19)

classified ads

You never know what you might do with valuable classified information. But starting in our May 27 edition,Osceola Classified Ads will give you a chance to find out. For starters, you might...

1. Find a house for weekends at Pawley's
2. Sell your pickled watermelon rinds
3. Start a film club
4. Trade your 1960 Hank Aaron baseball cards
5. Organize a carpool
6. Find a backpacking or scuba-diving partner
7. Advertise your garage sale
8. Buy Impeach Nixon (or Fire Dan Rather) bumper stickers
9. Find a drummer for your new band
10. Sell your old law books
11. Buy a springer spaniel puppy
12. Start a sci-fi lending club
13. Find volunteers for your special "causes"
14. Rent a cabin for weekends in the mountains
15. Just let your friends know where you are and that you're thinking of them

HOW TO PLACE AN AD

Deadline

Ad deadline is **5 p.m. Monday** for publication the following Thursday.
All ads must be accompanied by payment. **We do not bill. We do not take phone orders.**
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Rates

Non-business classifieds are $1 per week for 30 words and 50 cents for each additional 15 words. (The following count as one word: phone numbers, the, and, prices, numbers.) Headlines cost 50 cents extra and contain up to 25 characters. Deadline for copy changes or cancellation is Tuesday at noon.
Discounts: The same classified runs 4 weeks or more – 20% off total cost.

Business Classifieds – IF YOU CHARGE MONEY FOR A SERVICE, YOU ARE A BUSINESS. $3 for 30 words. Headlines (25 characters) cost $1.00.
Discounts: Information upon request.

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